THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

JAMES R. BENSON & CLARK H. GREEN,
Editors & Proprietors.

TERMS.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE MOTHER ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER CHILD'S DEATH.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

"Bring me flowers all young and sweet,
That I may strew the winding-sheet,
Where calm thou sleepest, baby fair,
With roseless cheek, and auburn hair!"

My beautiful! 'tis now a year
Since thou wert laid beneath the sod,
And though the thought brings many a tear,
It glads me—thou art with thy God.
Ay! though 'tis long ere I shall see
Thy lineaments again, my boy,
Yet in the thought that thou art free
I feel a calm and holy joy.

A year ago! thou then hadst life,
But feeble strength was with it given;
How couldst thou stem the world's rude strife?
Far better thus to dwell in heaven!
A pure, angelic, spotless one,
Amidst the seraphim above;
For this I can remain alone,
Foregoing e'en thine artless love!

A year ago! It seems a day
Since last I gazed upon thy face;
When thou wert at thy simple play,
I sought thy future weal to trace,
Rank, wealth, and fame, I deem'd were thine,
Long after I should be forgot;
No more the light of hope doth shine,
But brighter is thy present lot.

A year ago! thy happy smile
Dispell'd the cares that oft oppress,
And painful moments did beguile
With thine endearing, fond caress.
The merry sounds of that sweet voice,
Which still a ling'ring charm hath left:
Of all that made my heart rejoice,
In word or look—I am bereft!

A year ago! light laughter broke
The gloomy stillness of these walls;
In sportive mood thy footsteps woke
The echoes from these ancient halls.
But all is breathless now—no sound,
Save when the winds at times grow wild,
And break the solitude profound,
'Tis then I think of thee, my child!

A year ago! on this sad day
The spoiler dimm'd those eyes of blue,
The lily droop'd in slow decay,
Still lovely e'en in deathly hue!
And year ago! I saw thee laid,
Lifeless, within the earth's chill breast,
And envied thee the greensward shade
Where thou didst take thy dreamless rest!

My beautiful! whom still I love,
Though parted from me by the grave,
I bend into the Will above,
Who only took the flow'r he gave!
To bloom more sweetly on that shore
Where I shall meet my fair-haired boy,
Where sorrow cannot reach us more,
Nor damp the fulness of our joy!

QUERY.—What would the ladies do if they were born with such a camel's hump upon their back, as some of them now make with the fashionable pad, called a bustle, alias, a bishop? They would consider it a very great calamity, and indeed were one of them afflicted with a tumor of the same size and shape, she would have it removed by the surgeon's knife. How some people will deform themselves for fashion's sake!

A WIFE.—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man in the choice of a wife, to select her from a *bunch*, giving as his reason, that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more and do more than a single child, spoiled by paternal fondness. This a comfort to people blessed with large families.

WHAT SHALL I TAKE?

A lady of our acquaintance, says an exchange paper, young, lovely and intelligent, called in a celebrated physician to 'do some thing' for a rush of blood to the head.

'I have been doctoring myself,' said the languid fair one with a smile to the bluff, though kind M. D., while he was feeling her pulse.

'Ah! how?'

'Why, I have been taking Brandreth's pills, Parr's pills, Stainburn's pills, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Jayne's expectorant, used Dr. Sherman's lozenges and plaster, and——'

'My God, Madam,' interrupted the astonished doctor, 'All these do you no good?'

'No! then what shall I take,' pettishly inquired the patient.

'Take!' exclaimed the doctor, eyeing her from head to foot. 'Take,' exclaimed he, after a moment's reflection—take! why *take off your corsets!*'

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 4. FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1843. No. 25.

The Yankee Ball.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Holmes' Hole is a harbor well known to all navigators of the coast of New England. During the year 1781, while the hopes and fears of the American patriots were alternating, a half a dozen British frigates were lying snug in the Holmes' Hole harbor.—Time hung heavily on the hands of the officers on board these vessels, and they availed themselves of every opportunity of breaking in upon its tedium.

The project of a ball on shore was got up, and the hearts of the British officers bounded merrily at the prospect of the pleasure in store for them. The Yankee girls although not remarkably disposed to smile on a British uniform, were nevertheless not averse to indulging in a little flirtation with those who wore the red coats.—Ladies wear the bump of flirtation on their head the whole world over, and it is therefore not to be wondered that the girls in the neighborhood of Holmes' Hole were williug to have a few hours' gratification at the expense of the enemies of their country. To bring the lion hearts of these officers to terms of capitulation, was an object not to be resisted; and accordingly these damsels arrayed themselves in their bright smiles, and repaired to the festive hall at the time appointed.

Brilliantly shone every thing on that evening. The officers were there forgetful of the errand of butchery on which they had come to the country, and intent only on winning honeyed looks and love-lit smiles from the breathing forms around them.—The dance went on; and as fair and sylph-like forms wreathed thro' the mazes, the proud Briton's forgot their sweethearts at home, and yielded up their devotions to the fair strangers before them.—Swiftly flew the winged hours away, and the solemn chime of midnight swelled the air before the sounds of music ceased, and the parties separated, with the promise of many such meetings in future.

It was too late to return to the ships, that night, and the gallant officers, after discoursing of the beauties by whom they had been entertained, drank a toast to woman's smile, and prepared to retire for the night. Pleasant dreams charmed their slumbers—fairy forms flitted around their pillows—away their spirits bounded over the wide expanse of waters between them and their distant homes, and there revelled in half awakened scenes of former bliss—and sleep to them was a repose and a blessing. No thought, no suspicion had they of coming evil; but busy with the past, all forgetful were they of the power of the future to bring a saddening change over their hearts, and they slept away with the smiles of tranquility playing on their sealed features.

But all were not asleep that night. There were others, counting on future gains and glories, whose wakeful enterprise banished slumber from their eyelids, and filled their hearts with those high sensations which deeds of chivalrous daring always foster. To these it is now our duty to turn.

The Vineyard Sound is about 5 miles over. While the dance was in progress on the one shore, preparations of another kind were in progress upon the opposite one.—The tidings of the ball were spread throughout the vicinity, and eighteen brave fellows agreed to make that night replete with gloomy as well as brilliant recollections to the British officers.

The moon was in her last quarter, and as she sunk below the horizon, and her girdling light vanished from the heavens, a company of resolute fellows descended the bank and made to the waters edge. A couple of boats were soon unmoored and launched to the unsteady element, filled with as gallant crews as ever started on an eventful enterprise. Every spirit swelled high as they cleared the foam of the breakers and the crafts beneath them rode gracefully over the gentle billows.

'Now my hearties,' said a voice from the bows of the large boat, 'the first thing that I have to ask of you is, that you obey orders.'

'Aye, aye, captain,' responded the others.

Then, boys, draw your pistols, and prepare for a shot.'

Every fellow that owned a pistol—that is, a canteen or cask—drew it forth and uncorked it.

'All hands ready! Then my hearties, twig this toast: Success to the Vineyards, and a bad night's rest to the red coats!'

The toast was duly honored, and every fellow took down his canteen and replaced it in his pocket.

'Now this is my first order: no word is to be spoken louder than a whisper, between this and the other shore. The success you have just drank to, depends on silence.'

'Aye, aye,' muttered all hands.

The oars were muffled to prevent a splash in the water, and onward the boats went silent' Their heads were pointed towards the tavern where the ball had been, and each fellow mused on the scenes which would transpire on their arrival.

'I'll be shot if I can keep still Joe,' said a youth by the name of Sam Dareall to his next neighbor, in a whisper. 'I can't help thinking that that chiefest of witches, Sally Renham, is at that party.'

'Well, what harm if she is?'

'None that I know of,' returned Sam, 'only I don't like the thought of that fair hand being touched by an arm that wears a red coat.'

'The girl, Sam, is a fair one, and she is as true as she is fair. Her heart never harbored love for a tory. You see it runs in all female flesh to like to win a heart, if it be but to see with what kind of grace its owner will yield it up.'

'Truer words were never spoken, Joe, but why the devil a girl, when she's got one heart safe, can't be satisfied with it, is something that I don't understand.'

'I guess there's more than that in female human nature that you don't understand, Sam. Woman has a great many kinks that are perfect mysteries to me. But as to being uneasy about Miss Renham's hand, it is sheer nonsense. Her eye can blink as kindly on his majesty's epauletts, but it dwells, Sam, on the plain rigging af a lad that we both know pretty well.'

'Who's that!'

'Why, yourself, Sam. Heavens! what blind fools love makes of you fellows. All you have to do is to capture the biggest officer in the gang to night, and that act, I tell you, won't fail to take captive the fancy of the lady, She's fond of doing like things herself.'

'Give us your hand Joe, and I promise you that if the taking of the proudest officer at Daggett's to-night, will please Sally she shall be pleased. I swear the prisoner shall be mine.'

'Luck to you, Sam;' and thus their colloquy ended.

It was full two o'clock as our party hauled their keels on the strand. A few whispers passed round, and then they mounted the bank, and struck directly for 'Old Dagget's. As they drew nigh they separated, and in a minute a complete line was drawn around the house to prevent escape, if any should be attempted.

A party of the force returned to the house and soon presented themselves at the door of the room in which their destined victims lay, dreaming of anything rather than a capture. The door turned on its hinges, and the loud voice of the leader of the invaders commanded the sleepers to surrender. The room was soon a scene of confusion. The Britons were at first disposed to make resistance, but seeing no way to escape, and knowing their good treatment depended on their submissiveness, they surrendered with as much grace as was desirable. Out of their beds they were forced, then as sleepy looking fellows as any one would wish to see. One of them, corpulent, redfaced, and larger than his companions, grumbled as he rose, but a hand was placed on his shoulder, with an order to be as still and brisk as possible, and he submitted.

'I've got him Joe,' said our lover Sam, to his friend, who was assisting a reluctant leg to force itself through a pair of inexpressibles.

'Well hang on to him.'

'Aye, that I will, like death to a grim beggar.' Then turning to his prisoner, he added, 'Come, my dear sir, I don't want to be officious, but let me assist you in adjusting your wardrobe. While you are gartering that stocking, I'll garter your neck with this cravat.'

'Take that, d—n you, for your impudence,' said the officer, at the same time levelling a blow with his clenched fist, which sam parried.

'Tenderly, tenderly, my dear fellow, said Sam; but if you want the use of your peepers by the time daylight comes, you will be sparing of your fists.

'Who, and what are you?' asked the officer, looking grumly up in Sam's face.

'My name is Sam Dareall, at your service, which being interpreted means Sam Daredevil; and I will promise you a touch of my nature and friendship too before we separate.'

'You are a devlish obliging fellow.'

'Thank you sir; it runs in the Dareall family to be obliging. Can I be of any use to you in putting on your coat; for I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of marching you off right away. What is this silly thing good for?' said Sam, at the same time pulling the epauletts from the officer's shoulders; 'its only fit for a child's plaything.' And he put his foot on the toy.

The Briton's face grew very red, but he had to beep quiet, as Sam assured him that, as he was going a long journey it would only be an incumbrance to his shoulders, and he had done what he had from the kindest intentions.

To the door Sam led his prisoner, and meeting his friend Joe at it, desired him to say if he had not captured the biggest game. Joe deliberately glanced his eye about the officer's sturdy dimensions, and replied affirmatively.

When they had reached the outside of the house a parley ensued, in which it was determined the enemy should be hurried, by a forced march, off to Boston. One officer, who could neither be persuaded nor forced to put on his regimentals up stairs, and who had been brought down for the purpose of seeing what effect the chill air would have upon him, swore he would die before he would move a foot. One of the captors who had him in tow, now applied a switch to his barefeet, and he moved them with much briskness, to the delight of the joyous Americans and the evident chagrin of the officers.

The poor fellow, at the earnest entreaties of his friends, after being dragged a few yards, very reluctantly yielded up his resolutions and drew on his pantaloons.

The whole party soon got underway, and made good haste to their boats over the bay again. Many were the jokes which circulated among the merry fellows at the expense of their prisoners, who although in the midst of a superior force, could not altogether resist the spirit of insubordination.

The prisoners were got safe into quarters by daylight, and after breakfast were ordered to prepare for an overland journey to Boston, where they arrived in safety, and were deposited for safe keeping under the protection of John Hancock. They were soon exchanged, and lived to relate in their far homes, to their anxious friends all the scenes which transpired between the ball-room and Boston—the corpulent one not forgetting to make affectionate mention of Sam Dareall, who, be it known, was shortly after married to Miss Sally Renham, and lived to tell his grand children the story of that night.

No woman will be likely to dispute us, when we assert that marriage is her destiny. A man may possibly fill up *some sort* of an existence without loving; but a woman with nothing to love, cherish, care for, and minister to, is an anomaly in the universe—an existence without an object. It is as natural for a woman to have some one to cling to for protection—some one to look up to for advice and assistance, as to breathe. Without it no woman ever was or can be happy. It is the grand want of her nature, and nothing can satisfy her heart with such a void unfilled.

Now, with the exception of some occasional irregularities in the relative proportions of the sexes, produced by circumstances, such as the settlement of new countries, there is no reason why every man should not have a wife, and every woman a husband; and this would be easily brought about by the exercise of a little more common sense, and less ambition. Each sex is looking up for something above its own sphere. The son of an industrious and successful mechanic must be a professional man or merchant, instead of following in his father's footsteps—and this is folly the first. When he looks round for a wife, the neat, industrious daughter of a mechanic like his father, is not good enough for him; he must make love to some fine lady, who is one generation in advance: that is, her grandfather was a mechanic, instead of her father—a very aristocratic distinction. On the other hand, the girl who works for her living, earning it by her honest labors, would not deign to encourage the addresses of a laboring man; she would set her cap for a gentleman, forsooth! The mechanic's daughter, educated upon her father's hard earnings, to be a fine lady, encourages the attentions of a set of fops and danglers, who drive sensible men away from her in disgust, and she becomes the victim of some sorry sharper or shallow fool.

Now this is all wrong—deplorably, wretchedly wrong. Girls should know that men, superior to themselves in education and position, do not associate with them for any good. Men should know that, by marrying girls educated in habits of life above their fortunes, they are not likely to have good wives.

It requires but the exercise of a little sound sense to have every person 'suited to their minds.' If men but knew it, it is better to have a wife grateful for more than she expected, than grumbling at less. It is delightful going up the hill of fortune, but horrible jolting and aggravating work to come down.

For a man to say he cannot afford to marry, is absolute nonsense. Any man can afford to marry who is not afraid to work. It takes less to support two together than two separately, and for every mouth to feed, comes from source additional energy. Married men earn more money than single ones, and spend less. For the comparative happiness of married and single life, we may appeal to the experience of all who have tried both, and to the observation of those who are suffering the horrid discomforts of celibacy.—*New York Sun.*

Not many years ago, a Polish lady, of plebian birth; but of exceeding beauty and accomplishments won the affections of a young nobleman, who, having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the nobleman.

'Am I not,' said he, 'of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?'

'You are, undoubtedly, of the best blood of Poland.'

'And my fortune and reputation, are they not—'

'Your estate is magnificent, and your conduct is irreproachable.'

'Then, having your daughter's consent, how should I expect a refusal?'

'This, sir,' the father replied, 'is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious; what fortune gives, at her caprice, she takes away. I see no security for the independence and comfortable living of a wife but one: in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter, who is not at the same time *master of a trade!*'

The nobleman bowed, and retired silently. A year or two after, the father was sitting at the door, and saw approaching his house waggons ladens with baskets, and at the head of the cavalcade a person in the dress of a basket maker. And who do you suppose it was?—The former suiter of his daughter—the nobleman turned basket maker. He was now master of a trade, and brought the wares made by his own hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer in testimony of his skill.

The condition being fulfilled, no farther obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not yet done. The Revolution came—fortunes were plundered—and lords were scattered as chaff before the four winds of heaven. Kings became beggars—some of them teachers—and the noble Pole supported his wife, and her father in the infirmities of age, by his basket-making industry.

From the Delaware Gazette.

EMMET AND HIS LOVE.

Now for the last sad look,
The last faint cold embrace;
The latest kiss my love may print
Upon her lovely face.
* * * * * * *
Ay—bear her from my sight—
The bitterness is past—
But yet one charge my spirit leaves,
A dying one—the last!
Oh! bid her love my name—
Through death, through infamy and shame.

In reading the history of ill-fated Ireland, how often does the heart turn sick, of bloody scenes and murders, to the simple and touching incidents that adorn the lives of those, whose daring and mighty deeds, stand as a record of chivalry and patriotism upon the brightest page of the annals of the world. When the mind becomes diseased and careworn in contemplating the bloody transactions of the battle field, and the wranglings of the council chamber, with what transport and joy it leaves them to meditate on the fine affections and amiable attributes of the inner man, and ponder over scenes where "love and death" have sorrowful meetings.

Robert Emmet was a celebrated lawyer and statesman of Ireland. During the struggle for independence, he stood foremost on the forum and in the field, for the liberty of his native country. He was the idol of Ireland—

"None knew him but to love him—
None named him but to praise."

Naturally of a warm and ardent temperament, with a heart glowing with patriotism, and a soul fired with the wrongs and wretchedness of his country—oh! is it any marvel that he stepped forth in her darkest hour, and swore upon the altar of Freedom that his countrymen should have their liberty, or he would pour out his heart's blood in the cause. Unfortunately he was betrayed by his enemies—convicted of the crime of treason and sentenced to be executed. He delivered a fine speech before the court, which has and will be preserved for ages yet to come.

* * * * * *

'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day for the noble and ill-fated Emmet. A young lady stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon. She was closely veiled and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor why one of such a haughty bearing should be an humble suppliant at the prison door. However he granted the boon—led her to the dungeon—opened the massive iron door, then closed it again—and the lovers were alone. He was leaning against the prison wall with a downcast head and his arms were folded on his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star—the maiden, who had sometimes made him think "the world was all sun shine." The clanking of the heavy chains sounded like a death knell to her ears and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting, methinks, as is held in Heaven, only there we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his body—he spoke of by-gone days—the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious, and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of infancy, and though the world might pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, oh! he prayed she would still cling to him with affection, and remember him when all others should forget. Hark! the church bell sounded, and he rememberd the time of execution. The turnkey entered, and after dashing a tear from his eye—he separated them from their long embrace—and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned and their eyes met—they could not say, farewell—the door swung upon its heavy hinges, and they parted forever. No—not forever—is there no Heaven?

At sunrise next morning he suffered gloriously—a martyr to his country and to liberty.

* * * * *

"And one—o'er her the myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that fair band."

'Twas in the land of Italy—it was the gorgeous time of sunset in Italy—what a magnificent scene! A pale emaciated girl laid upon her bed of death. Oh! was it hard for her to die, far from her home, in this beautiful land, where flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul. Oh! no—her *star* had set—the brightness of her dream had faded—her heart was broken. When ties have been formed on earth—close, burning ties, what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirit, than to find at last the beloved one is snatched away, and all our love is given to "passing flowers." Enough: she died—the betrothed of Robert Emmet, the lovely Sarah Curran. Italy contains her last remains—its flowers breathe their fragrance over the grave, and the lulling tones of the shepherd's lute sound a requiem to her memory.

CUTTING.—"I rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "for no man wants it more."

'An intemperate advocate is more dangerous than an open foe.'

CHARACTER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

It has been the fashion with travellers to talk of the scenery of the Mississippi as wanting grandeur and beauty. Most certainly it has neither. But there is no scenery on earth more striking. The dreary and pestilential solitudes, untrodden save by the feet of Indians; the absence of all living objects, save the huge alligators which float past, apparently asleep, on the driftwood; and an occasional vulture, attracted by its impure prey on the surface of the waters; the trees, with a long and hideous drapery of pendant moss, fluttering in the wind; and the giant river rolling onward the vast volume of its dark and turbid waters through the wilderness—form the features of the most dismal and impressive landscapes on which the eye of man ever rested. If any one thinks proper to believe that such objects are not, in themselves sufficient, I beg only to say that I differ with him in point of taste. Rocks and mountains are fine things undoubtedly, but they could add nothing of sublimity to the Mississippi. Pelion might be piled on Ossa, Alps on Andes, and still to the heart and perceptions of the spectator, the Mississippi would be *alone*. It can brook no rival, and it finds none. No river in the world drains so large a portion of the earth's surface. It is the traveller of five thousand miles, more than two-thirds of the diameter of the globe. The imagination asks, whence come its waters, and whither tend they? They come from the distant regions of a vast continent, where the foot of civilized man has never yet been planted. They flow into an ocean yet vaster, the whole body of which acknowledges their influence. Through what varieties of climate have they passed? On what scenes of lonely and sublime magnificence have they gazed? Have they not penetrated

The hoary forests, still the bison's screen,
Where stalked the mammoth to his shaggy lair,
Through paths and alleys, roofed with sombre green,
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shafts of hunter keen!

In short, when the traveller has asked and answered these questions, and a thousand others, it will be time enough to consider how far the scenery of the Mississippi would be improved by rocks and mountains. He may be led to doubt whether any great effect can be produced by a combination of objects of discordant character, however grand in themselves. The imagination is perhaps susceptible but of a single powerful impression at a time. Sublimity is uniformly connected with unity of object. Beauty may be produced by the happy adaptation of a multitude of harmonious details; but the slightest sublimity of effect can proceed but from one glorious and paramount object, which impresses its own character on every thing around. The prevailing character of the Mississippi is that it is a solemn gloom. I have trodden the passes of the Alps and Appennines, yet never felt how awful a thing is nature, till I was borne on its waters through regions desolate and unhabitable. Day after day, and night after night, we continued driving downward to the south: our vessel, like some huge demon of the wilderness, bearing fire in her bosom, and canopying the eternal forest with smoke from her nostrils. How looked the hoary river god, I knew not; nor what thought the alligators when awakened from their slumber by a vision so astounding. But the effect on my spirits was such as I have never experienced before or since. Conversation became odious. I passed my time in a sort of dreamy contemplation. At night, I ascended to the highest deck, and lay for hours gazing listlessly on the sky, the forest and the waters, amid silence only broken by the clanging of the engine. All this was very pleasant; yet, till I reached New Orleans, I could scarcely have smiled at the best joke in the world; and as for raising a laugh—it would have been quite as easy to quadrate the circle.—*Hamilton's Men and Manners in America.*

THE LIAR.—It is impossible for a person who is in the habit of uttering untruths, to escape detection. Your character for truth or falsehood will be known. And what can be more humiliating and degrading than to have the name of liar! It is so considered in all nations and with all people. It is considered one of the meanest and most cowardly vices of which one can be guilty. The liar is always a coward. He tells lies because he is afraid to tell the truth.

THE WIFE.—It needs not guilt to break a husband's heart: the absence of content, mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth—these, and nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. Oh! may woman, before that sad sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promise she then so fondly gave: and though she may be the injured not the injuring one: the forgotten, not the forgetful wife, a happy allusion to that hour of peace and love, a kindly welcome to a comfortable home, a smile of love to banish hostile words, a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of man will soften to her charms and bid her live as she had hoped, her years in matchless bliss, loved, loving, and content, the source of comfort and the spring of joy.

'Be rather the advocate of internal improvement than political chance. Neither flatter the mob nor the government. What you think, speak; try to satisfy yourself, and not others: and if you are not popular, you will at least be respected. Popularity lasts but a day; but respect will descend as a heritage to your children.'